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# UA3/3 My Old Kentucky Home

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Nov 9/60

The Kentuckian, NYC

Harold Helm; son, John; Fred Keithly

No preacher

Raise your hand

✓ 1. Greetings from "My Old Kentucky Home"

a. Stephen Foster immortalized a beautiful two-story, simple,  
Colonial home at Bardstown when he wrote "My Old Kentucky Home"

✓ b. Nora Lee McGee has written --

"There stands a Home upon a hill

To which a youth, a dreamer, found his way --

Drank deep of summer,

Then with the threads of romance, and of sadness

Wove a spell

That throbs forever in a Song,

"My Old Kentucky Home"

2. Expand that Home to cover the entire State

✓ a. From the Mountains to the Bluegrass -- to the Pennyryle --  
to the Purchase

b. Stop at Western Kentucky State College

c. Greetings to "You-All"

3. The Kentuckians -- 1904

- a. Directors
- b. Elizabeth Coombs, Margie Helm
- c. James Lane Allen (A Kentucky Cardinal)

4. A different breed, and proud of it!

- a. Land of contrasts
- b. Soldiers' Bonus (Spanish American, World War I, World War II, Korean War) --- Constitutional Convention
- c. Depressed areas --- Spindle Top Research Center (Lt. Gov. Wyatt)
- d. Progress is in the making, nevertheless

✓  
Where corn and wheat waved a few harvests ago, giant new plants and furnaces roll out the products of the new chemical discoveries through the conversion of long-neglected mineral resources. Cities and towns perk up their faces with the light of a new day. Education moves forward, ~~despite the shackles of~~ ~~out-moded restrictions and impediments.~~ State Government improves, despite the surge of peculiar politics (Democratic factions -- Republican victories)

~~e. Poem, "In Kentucky"~~



5. The romance of Kentucky still very much alive today

a. Traditions, gallantry, good manners

b. Romance of the mint julep

(S. B. Buckner, Jr.)

Fort George G. Meade, Maryland  
March 30, 1937

Major General Wm. D. Connor  
West Point, New York

My dear General Connor:

Your letter requesting my formula for mixing mint juleps leaves me in the same position in which Captain Barber found himself when asked how he was able to carve the image of an elephant from a block of wood. He replied that it was a simple process consisting merely in whittling off the part that didn't look like an elephant.

The preparation of the quintessence of gentlemanly beverages can be described only in like terms. A mint julip is not the product of a formula. It is a ceremony and must be performed by a gentleman possessing a true sense of the artistic, a deep reverence for the ingredients, and a proper appreciation of the occasion. It is a rite that must not be entrusted to a novice, a statistician, nor a Yankee. It is a heritage of the old South, an emblem of hospitality and a vehicle in which noble minds can travel together upon the flower-strewn paths of happy and congenial thought.

So far as the mere mechanics of the operation are concerned, the procedure, stripped of its ceremonial and embellishments, can be described as follows:

Go to a spring where cool, crystal-clear water bubbles from under a bank of dew-washed ferns. In a consecrated vessel, dip up a little water at the source. Follow the stream through its banks of green moss and wild-flowers until it broadens and trickles through beds of mint growing in aromatic profusion and waving softly in the summer breeze. Gather the sweetest and tenderest shoots and gently carry them home. Go to the side-board and select a decanter of Kentucky Bourbon, distilled by a master hand, mellowed with age, yet still vigorous and inspiring. An ancestral sugar bowl, a row of silver goblets, some spoons and some ice and you are ready to start.

In a canvas bag, pound twice as much ice as you think you will need. Make it fine as snow, keep it dry and do not allow it to degenerate into slush.

In each goblet, put a slightly heaping teaspoonful of granulated sugar, barely cover this with spring water, and slightly bruise one mint leaf into this, leaving the spoon in the goblet. Then pour elixir from the decanter until the goblets are about one-fourth full. Fill the goblets with snowy ice, sprinkling in a small amount of sugar as you fill. Wipe the outside of the goblets dry and embellish copiously with mint.

Then comes the important and delicate operation of frosting. By proper manipulation of the spoon, the ingredients are circulated and blended until Nature, wishing to take a further hand and add another of its beautiful phenomena, encrusts the whole in a glistening coat of white frost. Thus harmoniously blended by the deft touches of a skilled hand, you have a beverage



eminently appropriate for honorable men and beautiful women.

When all is ready, assemble your guests on the porch or in the garden, where the aroma of the juleps will rise Heavenward and make the birds sing. Propose a worthy toast, raise the goblet to your lips, bury your nose in the mint, inhale a deep breath of its fragrance, and sip the nectar of the gods.

Being overcome by thirst, I can write no further.

Sincerely,

S. B. BUCKNER, JR.

6. 3,038,156 people in Kentucky --- not fast enough, seat in Congress

a. Genuine hospitality is still an important part of the way of life

b. All kinds --- but so many with "Love of Homeland"



## LOVE O' HOMELAND

A strange regret came over me when Bubbling Over, the Kentucky horse, won the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs, and I stood witness to the most tremendous display of human enthusiasm I have ever witnessed.

I saw silvery haired old ladies, their faces bright and shining, fairly shivering with joy. I saw old men, with weather-beaten faces, leaning forward breathlessly, eyes glowing fiercely, and lips moving, I saw exultant-looking citizens standing with fists hard lifted to the sky as if trying to drive them through some unseen opposition overhead. I heard their voices booming.

I saw beautiful girls, flushed, disheveled with excitement and nervous agitation, their delicate fingers clutching, their voices shrilling.

I saw young men fairly jumping up and down in an excess of joy, yelling hoarse shouts. I heard the cries of little children.

And seeing this, and hearing this, I thought to myself, standing there: "Old boy, it must be a wonderful thing to be a Kentuckian at this moment!"

And that was the moment of my regret, and my regret was over not being born and raised down there in Kentucky, that I might feel in my heart the joy of these people and be a party to their enthusiasm.

I got my little thrill just from the spectacle of the race, to be sure. I always get some thrill out of these things. But it didn't exactly stir my soul. It didn't reach down into the very depths, as it did with these people, and bring out in one sudden blast of emotion that amounted to a fury that very wonderful emotion--

LOVE O' HOMELAND!

I tell you I envied those Kentuckians!

I felt quite alien, and very much of an outsider as their common joy

swept them together in one glittering phalanx of pride, and they seemed to face the rest of us, standing there a bit silent, and bewildered--seemed to face us with an air of triumphant arrogance, ~~as much to say:~~

~~"Why you poor fish!"~~

But I didn't feel any tinge of resentment. I merely felt regret. I regretted I hadn't even bet on the Bradley stable to win the Derby, that I might have at least a sort of non-resident share in the Kentucky enthusiasm.

Now then, you may say a horse race is a mighty little thing to produce all this fuss.

If you say that, you do not understand, and not understanding it is useless to argue with you.

There was in that outburst, not only Kentucky's joy over a Kentucky victory in a horse race, but Kentucky's defiance to these who had planned to steal one little mite of Kentucky's prestige, whether represented by men or horses.

Behind it was the same general sentiment that rallies Kentuckians to arms against a foe. That Kentucky crowd didn't see only the Kentucky horses, Bubblyng Over and Bagenbaggage galloping there in front of the colors of the East. It saw the glory of Kentucky spread before alien eyes like a banner in the sky.

I say to you here that I love every blade in the Blue Grass because of the loyalty of Kentuckians to Kentucky; because of their pride of race. I despise the man who speaks disparagingly of his home town, or his home State--the professional non-homer, which has become a familiar type in some parts of the land, although I rather doubt that he exists in Kentucky.



My neat, but gaudy made-in-Baltimore straw hat is lifted once more to Kentucky in something more than the casual gesture.

I have said before in this column that the Kentucky Derby is the greatest of all the American sports spectacles, but I was never before fortunate enough to see it as a real Kentucky victory, with Kentucky horses running one-two.

I am inclined to think that the demonstration over Bubbling Over and over Bagenbaggage, too, was "tops" as the boys say in fervor, and in reflecting something more real, more genuine in feeling than mere delight in winning a bet.

It's a great State, Kentucky. They're great people, Kentuckians.

Damon Runyon--1926



7. "My Old Kentucky Home"

a. The song, what it does to a Kentuckian

"At the first note of the "Marseillaise," the Frenchman straightens for the charge; amid the solemn cadences of "God Save the King," the Englishman bows to the accumulated reverence of centuries; at the swelling rhythm of the "Star Spangled Banner," the eyes grow misty in the recollections of a patriot's longing for the dawn, and we salute the flag that carries a nation's history and is resplendent with the glory of its hopes; "Yankee Doodle" stimulates and "Dixie" stirs to madness, but one song, "My Old Kentucky Home," alone has power to soothe the restless pulse of care, and it comes like the benediction that follows after prayer. It voices a sentiment, it speaks a message, it stirs the deep wells of the heart of a Kentuckian as nothing else has power to do."

b. The physical --- Bardstown, a symbol truly, however, of the Mountains, the Bluegrass, the Pennyryle, the Purchase

c. Tonight, I am, I hope, for this brief moment, a link between you and yours -- your forebearers, who may now rest in the soil of our great State, and your relatives and friends, who now trod its soil -- for my entire message of greetings to you from our Old Kentucky Home.

8. I am proud to have been invited to speak with you, my fellow Kentuckians.

✓ a. We are proud of you, as Kentuckians

✓ b. I, like you, am proud to be a Kentuckian

✓ c. I am proud tonight to act as a messenger from Kentucky in bringing you genuine, sincere, heartfelt greetings from "Our" Old Kentucky Home!

YOU ALL